

WHOLE NO. 3078.

He laid low those noble forms, that now
could breast this storm, and roll back
his tide of evil?

Where in fiction is there anything more strange than this fact, related in

The following strange incident happened while I was living in Germany in the neighborhood of Vienna there lived a young peasant woman who supported herself by the cultivation of vegetables which she disposed of in the Vienna market. She inhabited a small house, attached to which was her vegetable garden. Young as she was, she had been married; but her husband died, leaving her a little girl, who was now just old enough to run about and play with the other children in the neighborhood. The mother was hand-

About this time, indeed, there was visiting her a young man for whom she had conceived an affection, and whose proposition of marriage she was now beginning impatiently to await. But no proposal was made. A dark thought loathly crossed the young woman's mind that there must be some obstacle in the way, and that this obstacle was, in all probability, the child. An unnatural struggle of jealousy took place, which resulted in a fearful determination—she could make way with the child! Re-

There she occasionally stored her vegetables. Taking her child by the hand one day, she led it down stairs, and thrusting it inside, closed the door; locked it, and hurried up stairs. The same evening her lover came; they sat chatting together, but no mention was made of the little absconce. The next day, after the desertion of twenty-four hours, the mother went softly down and listened at the door. The quick ear of the child caught her mother's step, and she implored her to take her out of that dark place—she was so cold and hungry.—No answer was returned and the mother crept quietly up stairs. In the evening the lover came again. They took supper together, and passed a social evening. After the second twenty-four

Another day passed. She went quietly down stairs and listened. All was silent. She opened softly the door—the child lay dead. Taking swiftly the body up stairs, she laid it on the bed; and immediately making a great outcry, called the neighbors together, telling them that her child had suddenly died. And so it seemed. The child was lying in its coffin breastward with flowers brought by the little play-

came to attend the funeral of their lost favorite. The procession moved toward the quiet *Gottesacker* (God's acre), where, was to be planted this little seed of an immortal flower. A clergyman was in attendance. The mother stood looking down upon the grave, over which the holy man was reposing, with a solemn voice, "Our Father who art in Heaven, hallowed be thy name; thy kingdom come; thy will be done on earth as it is in Heaven. *Give us this day our daily bread.*" A piercing

the earth. Looking wildly around her, she then in glibberish accents, related to the shuddering throng at the grave the very deed her own hands had committed. She lived not long after. Crazed and smitten by the hand of God, she miserably died—a signal instance of retribution, and a sterling lesson upon the world. Give us this day our daily bread.

THOUGHTS FOR THE THOUGHTFUL

The idea you have once spoken, if it never wears an idea, is no longer yours; it is gone from you, so much life and

ness of yourself and your destiny and activity are henceforth deprived of it.— If you could not get it spoken, if you could not constrain it into silence, no much the richer are you. Better keep one idea while you can; let it still circulate in your blood and there fructify; a fructification leading you to good activities; giving your whole spiritual life a ruddier health. When the time does come for speaking it, you will speak it all the more concisely, the more expressively, appropriately; and if such

acted it, and uttered it, as no words
can? Think of this, my young friend,
there is nothing truer, nothing more
forgotten in these shallow gold-laced
days.—*Carlyle*.

He travels safe, and not unpleasantly,
but is guarded by poverty, and guarded
by love.